

Fairy Tale Corner

by Aseret Kitsune

Category: Halo
Genre: Fantasy
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2007-12-09 05:31:05
Updated: 2007-12-18 03:18:16
Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:36:59
Rating: T
Chapters: 3
Words: 5,286
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Fairy tales with a Red versus Blue spin.

1. Dark Red Riding Hood

****A/N:** ******And this is today's, the eighth's, fic. It is based off Little Red Riding Hood. All I can say for this one is that I like it.

> ****Genre:****Fantasy/Humor/Parody
> ****Pairings: ****Mainly Grif/Simmons, side
Caboose/Sheila/Tucker, Lopez/Sheila, Tucker/Crunchbite, Tucker/Church

> ****Rating: ****PG-13 (T)
> ****Summary: ****While walking in the woods to his
brother's cabin, Simmons stumbles upon a wolf demon, and it just
happens to be mating season.
> ****Warnings: ****Nakedness, hints at sexual activities,
pregnant Tucker, cursing, slash, and het. And, um, wolf demons.

Dark Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time in a little quaint village, there lived a young man of seventeen years by the name of Dick Simmons. He was a sweet, innocent boy who was also very smart-and somewhat naïve. He had short black hair, vibrant green eyes, and a splotch of freckles across his pale face.

When he was younger, his adoptive father had given him a red cloak. Over the years, as he wore it constantly wherever he went, the cloak grew darker. Eventually, Dick became known as Dark Red Riding Hood.

One day, Sarge, Simmons' father, handed him a picnic basket full of food to take to his older brother Lopez who lived all alone in the forest. He was very ill and Simmons was to take care of him, despite the fact that they were not on the best of terms.

Sarge warned him, however, to be careful and not fall for any of the wolf demons' tricks, for they were crafty and vicious creatures that dwelled in the nearby woods.

Heeding Sarge's advice, Simmons entered the forest, basket in hand. He traveled the well-worn path, humming to himself as his eyes darted around.

"Well, at least there aren't any snakes," the boy mused to himself out loud.

He looked up at the sky and smiled; it was bright and a pleasant breeze was blowing. All-in-all, it was a wonderful day for a little walk. Even if he would eventually have to see his brother again.

After a while, Simmons sat down on a tree stump to rest for a minute. His sparkling green eyes closed and he leaned back on his palms, listening to the natural lull of the forest.

Just as the boy was about to nod off, a loud yelp not unlike an injured canine shattered the peace. Simmons' eyes shot back open as nearby birds flew off in a panic.

From out of the trees ran an almost humanoid creature on all fours; it came to a sudden halt in front of Simmons, only a hand span away. There were pointed, animal-like ears on its head, fur as brown as the shaggy hair surrounding them. Attached to the, extremely nude (and if Simmons looked-male), creature's back was a matching scruffy tail.

As the boy stared into dark brown eyes he breathed, "What the hellâ€|?"

The creature opened its mouth and said, "Women are scary as fuck."

Simmons blinked, taken aback not only by the seemingly random statement but also by the fact that the thing had talked at all. After a minute of simply staring at each other in silence, it donned on the boy just what was so close to him: a wolf demon.

A naked wolf demon. Who happened to be sitting so _certain parts _were unabashedly hanging out for anyone to see.

A blush suddenly appearing and instantly spreading all across his face, he stuttered, "C-could you cover up? Please." His hand made its way up to his face, shielding his green eyes from the site.

The wolf demon raised an eyebrow, looking at the human questioningly. "Huh?"

"You're naked," Simmons pointed out, trying not to peek between his fingers. His face was now the shade of the cloak he wore.

"And you're wearing clothes," the other one countered.

"That's exactly my point-"

"Call me Grif."

"Well, _Grif, _I don't need to seeâ€|so much of you," the human told him.

"Look-"

"Simmons, or Dark Red," he supplied.

"_Simmons or Dark Red_. Wolf demons don't wear clothing."

"I can tell."

"Geeze, what made you so uptight? Sit on a stick?" Grif wondered.

Simmons moved his hand to the side and glared directly at the wolf demon. The brunette yawned, right ear giving a small twitch.

"I don't," Simmons began angrily as he got up and stormed off, "have time for this."

Grif followed the human, much to the boy's vexation. For a bit they went on in silence, the wolf demon watching Simmons clench and unclench his hands. It was about ten minutes before Grif got bored and made a remark.

"You know, that cloak sort of makes you look like a short haired girl from behind."

Simmons stopped on the spot and spun around. His green eyes were narrowed dangerously at the wolf demon's smirk.

"Oh, you cockbite," the boy seethed.

"Whatever, jackass. So how much farther is wherever you're going to?" he asked.

"About two or three miles," Simmons replied. He turned and resumed walking. Grif groaned.

"That long?" he whined.

"Lazy-ass. You don't even have to be stalking me, you know."

"Hey, it'd only be called stalking if you didn't know I was here." Simmons rolled his eyes yet didn't respond; Grif continued.

"Besides, you're lucky I'm following you."

"Enlighten me."

"You're more likely to get jumped if I'm not here," the wolf demon told him, causing the human to visibly stiffen. He turned back towards Grif slowly.

"What? Why?"

"It's mating season," Grif revealed with a sly smile adorning his face.

Gulping, Simmons started to walk briskly, hoping to get to his brother's cabin soon. It did not help matters that he could feel the brown, piercing inhuman eyes on his back.

Thankfully for the boy, he spotted Lopez's cabin after an hour had passed. With lips formed into a relieved smile, his gait became faster, as did his companion's.

"Wait, this is where you're going?" Grif asked.

"Yes. So?"

"The guy who lives here hates me-"

"He hates everyone."

"Yeah, but this guy thinks it was me hitting on his girl," the wolf demon explained.

"He has a girl?" Simmons asked, mind boggled. The notion seemed too farfetched to him.

"For the record, it wasn't me. It was Caboose. And also Tucker, but that's only because he hits on everyone, and he's also pregnant."

"â€|Wait, _he's_pregnant?" Simmons questioned.

"He says it's Crunchbite's pup, but I think that's a cover 'cause he doesn't want anyone to know what he and Church have been doing together. Even though it's pretty damn obvious," Grif added. Simmons could only blink in response for a long moment.

"â€|Wow."

Shaking his head clear, the boy walked up to the wooden door and knocked; Grif staid back a few paces. They waited, but there was no answer. He knocked again, receiving the same results.

Finally, Simmons opened the door tentatively, calling his brother's name. Grif followed him in, examining the modest dÃ©cor almost in boredom as Simmons looked around. The human eventually found a note on the kitchen table; he read it aloud.

"'Pendejo, I'm off with Sheila. Touch nothing of mine and say hello to Sarge for me. Lopez.'"

Simmons stared blankly at the piece of paper, barely registering as Grif came over. After a very long and tension-building minute, the boy let out a curse.

"Son. Of. A. _Bitch_!"

"So, he's gone and you came all this way for nothing?" the demon summed up. "What an asshole."

"Yup," Simmons agreed through gritted teeth.

"So, wanna get revenge on him by having sex on his bed?" Grif

suggested hopefully.

"Thatâ€¦what?"

"Revenge, sex on his bed. Wanna?" he summarized impatiently.

"That was blunt." The demon shrugged.

"I've been around Tucker too long. And again, it's mating season."

Simmons was pretty sure he shouldn't be turned on at the prospect of sex with a wolf demon on his brother's bed. He was also pretty sure he was turned on, regardless.

"Um, that's, uhâ€¦flattering? But I should, ah, probablyâ€¦get back home," he answered, flustered; he was pulling nervously at his cloak collar. Grif looked out the small window.

"The sun's already setting. Sure you should be outside at night with a forest full of wolf demons in heat?" he asked.

"Son of a bitch," Simmons mumbled. To the other (wolf)man he said, "I'm staying here tonight. I swear, if you try anything, I'll cut that off." He pointed at what was hanging from the demon's thighs.

And, boy, was he _hung._

â€¦Damn his teenage hormones.

"Don't worry; I won't touch your young virgin body," Grif promised teasingly.

"Go to hell."

Time passed quickly, with the two cabin's occupants bickering non-stop. Realizing how late an hour it had become and how tired he was from his trip, Simmons went to the bed with a yawn. He took off his shoes, socks, cloak, and nothing else. After draping them on a nearby chair, the exhausted boy climbed under the covers.

Grif, who had been watching him all-the-while, jumped onto the bed, as well. He found a spot and settled down against the human's side.

"W-what are you_doing?_" Simmons asked, voice rising an octave halfway through the sentence.

Grif turned to the boy and looked at him as though he were an idiot. "Going to sleep," he answered obviously.

"Can't you sleep at the foot of the bed or something?"

Grif looked and replied, "Not enough room. And like hell I'm gonna sleep on the floor or something."

"Whatever, cockbite," Simmons muttered as they both laid back down. He wondered how long of a night it was gong to be. Excruciatingly so, he assumed.

Time passed, and soon Simmons could hear Grif's even breaths and feel the steady rise-and-fall of his bare chest. He green eyes closed and, soon, he joined the wolf demon in sleep.

2. Saving a Princess from HerHimself

****A/N: ****Don't bother taking this once seriously. I just couldn't resist doing it.

> Genre:Fantasy/Humor/Romance/Parody

> Pairings: Tucker/Donut with a pinch of Church/Tex

> Rating: PG-13 (T)

> Summary: Tucker goes to save a princess from her/himself.

> Warnings: Magic, cursing, slash, some het, things that make no sense, gender bending, guys in dresses, innuendo, dragons, threats, castles, overuse of the word 'kingdom', and general insanity.

Saving a Princess from Her/Himself

Once upon a time, in a canyon far away, there were two kingdoms: the Red kingdom and the Blue kingdom. They were at war over where each kingdom's territory began and ended.

In the Blue kingdom, after king Flowers mysteriously died of a heart attack, Prince Church took the throne. He would have taken a bride, but the black night Tex always refused. Usually with bodily harm done to the man.

Prince Church couldn't stand his squabbling brothers, Tucker and Caboose. Caboose, the youngest of the three, was stronger than an ox, though dumber than a mule. Tucker, the middle child, was a womanizing prince; however, few fell under what charm he had.

The ruler of the Red kingdom, a stately (psychotic) king, was simply called Sarge. He was always ready to charge head first into any battle. His eldest-and favorite-son was known as Lopez the Heavy. He was a great weapon smith and had given up his right to the throne to his first brother, Simmons.

Simmons was an intelligent man, but also a master at flattery, when it concerned superiors. The next brother went by Grif. Grif was lazy, hated authority-when he could be bothered to care-drunk, smoked, and was the king's least favorite son. And knew it.

King Sarge's youngest child, though born male, was Princess Donut. He was a very feminine boy and always had been since birth. He preferred cross-stitching to swordplay, flower arranging to conquering, and he even fancied men rather than women.

One day, Prince Church-for he would not be known as king until he took a bride-thought of the perfect plan to get his brothers out of his hair for at least a little while, because he wasn't lucky enough for them to be in a serious "accident".

He summoned his younger siblings to the throne room. They came in, the younger bothering the older and in turn the elder yelling and

threatening the other.

"Church," Tucker whined. "Make Caboose leave my things alone."

"You threw it at my head. It hurt," Caboose defended. "Church, Tucker was being mean to me again!"

"Shut up already! Do you two know how annoying you are? How many times do I have to tell you guys to SHUT UP?" he shouted.

There was silence until, "About twenty times a day."

"â€|What?"

"You tell us to shut up around twenty times every day. You're gonna have an aneurism soon if you keep it up."

"Son. Of. A. Bitch. Tucker," Church said through gritted teeth. "Caboose. I have a very important mission for you both."

"Yay! An adventure," Caboose cheered.

"Wait, together?" Tucker asked. Church nodded.

"Obviously. You both need to take care of the other. Or kill each other; I don't really care which."

"Gee, thanks," Tucker said dryly.

"Ooh, what are we gonna do?" Caboose asked eagerly, eyes sparkling with the possibilities. "Slay a dragon? Find a magical orb? Stop an ul-itamant evil?"

"The last dragon, you tired keeping as a pet and it nearly killed me. We already have a magical talking orb; and Andy's annoying as hell. And ultimate evil? The only real villain around here's fuckin' stupid as, well, you.

No. You two," he pointed at them, "are going to rescue a fair maiden. From herself."

"Wait, what?"

"You heard me."

"Church how can you save someone from themselves?"

"It's pretty damn difficult, I know. If you don't think you can handle itâ€|"

"No! I can! I can!" Caboose protested. He tugged on his brother's arm. "Come on, Tucker. I wanna go on the adventure."

"Alright, just stop that," Tucker gave in.

"Yes!"

"The princess is named Donut-"

"Donut?" Tucker asked disbelievingly.

"Yeah, _Donut._"

"Sounds like Muffins," Caboose commented.

"â€|Okay. Anyways, Princess _Donut _is the Red King's youngest son-"

"Son? A princess is a son now? What does that make you, a queen?"

"Tucker! You sunuvabitch, shut up and let me finish."

"Fine." Church took a deep breath, and then released it, slowly and heavily.

"Okay, _Princess Donut _looks like a girl, acts like a girl, has the preferences of a girl, so therefore, he's a girl," was the explanation.

"But, he's still a guyâ€|" Tucker mumbled.

"Goddamn I hate you. Look, you just have to sneak into his room and rescue him."

"From himself?"

"Yes. Now you're getting it. Listen, once you get there, into the princess' room, you'll know what to do," Church told him.

"Yeah, right. I'm just lookin' for a little _reward_, if you know what I mean. Bow-chicka-bow-wow."

"You can negotiate that with him. Well, see you." Under his breath he mumbled, "In hell."

"Dude, wait. Is it just gonna be me an' Caboose?"

"No, of course not. What kind of brother would that make me? You can take Andy."

"Oh, hell no! What the fuck's an annoying talking ball going to do? Why don't you come, even though you're a worse fighter than me?"

"Yeah, no. I'm not stupid."

"Wow, that's reassuring."

"Oh, and before you guys go, little thing I should tell you: until you save Princess Donut, you are proscribed from my kingdom," Church announced with a monstrous, guiltless grin.

"Huh? What the fuck does 'proscribed' mean?"

"Banished, outlawed, exiled, forbidden, prohibited, ostracized, shunned, restricted, execrated, rejected, whatever you want to call it."

"Huh?" Caboose asked, still not getting it.

"Not allowed back! Just go. Both of you go, now!" Church yelled.

Tucker and Caboose rushed out of there; closing the giant wooden doors behind them. Tucker then leaned against them.

"He's scarier than a woman," Tucker panted. Caboose nodded in agreement.

After a minute the boys used to catch their breaths, they went to gather Andy and the essentials (which included Caboose's favorite stuffed rabbit).

:Star::Star::Star:

After many grueling and unbelievable detours that to miss out on would be a crime; Tucker, Caboose, and Andy the magical talking orb reached the Red Kingdom Castle. The sun was just setting, giving them the perfect cover.

"Well, here goes nothing," Tucker mumbled as the group stood at the unguarded side which just happened to hold the window leading into the princess' bed chamber. He looked up, gulping.

"So, uh, how the hell am I supposed to get up there?"

"Obviously you climb. Now get going, ya baby," Andy told him.

"Yeah, that seemsâ€¦stupid."

"Perfect for you two lugs."

"Fuck you. Seriously, how the hell am I supposed to get up there?"

"Ooh! You should ride up on a magical dragon!" Caboose urged.

"Dude, shut the hell up," Tucker snapped at his younger brother; he pouted, glaring at Tucker's back.

Tucker grabbed hold of a stone with one hand, then with his foot. He repeated these actions until he was about two feet off the ground. His foot slipped, and he came fumbling down, landing hard on his back.

"â€¦Fuckâ€¦berriesâ€¦"

"You dumbass," Andy laughed.

"Tucker, are you still alive?" Caboose asked in concern.

"Noâ€¦I think I'm deadâ€¦" the other man replied, eyes clenched shut.

"Ah, come on, ya big baby. You didn't fall that far."

"Fuckâ€¦youâ€¦Andyâ€¦I think I can feel my spine. In the bad way," he

complained.

"Maybe, you should have taken that entrance, over there," Caboose suggested innocently.

"What!" Tucker exclaimed, suddenly sitting up, all pain apparently gone.

"Over there. The dark entranceway," Caboose told him, pointing to the side of the castle where indeed there was a dark entranceway. The orb burst into hysterical laughter.

"Caboose, if you saw this earlier, why didn't you say anything?" Tucker asked, standing up.

"You didn't-" he started to answer.

"I swear to god I'll kill you if the next word out of your mouth is-

"-ask."

"When we get home, you had better hope that my mind's too preoccupied with whatever me and the princess are gonna do to fuckin' kill you."

"I'm telling Church you're bein' mean again."

"Oh, shut the fuck up."

Tucker went towards the entrance warily, every so often throwing a glance over his shoulders at his companions. Taking a deep breath, he stepped into the dark room. As his eyes adjusted to the severe darkness, he noticed with the little illumination from the outside that the room was empty save for a stone staircase. Seeing as it was all he could do, Tucker started up them.

About ten minutes later and half-way up (which was good timing considering he was stumbling blind in the dark), Tucker came upon a small room lit by a single glowing torch. Underneath said torch was a podium with a rope resting on it. As he went to take the rope, he saw an inscription on the stone.

"'Spiral up to get down, fall to the top,'" he read. "Huh. That makes no sense."

He picked up the rope with a shrug. Looking around he saw a shadowed hole and more stairs leading the rest of the way up. He chose to follow the latter.

About ten minutes later he found himself back outside, exiting from the same entrance he had gone in at.

Tucker took a double take, then blinked rapidly; the scenery didn't change. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but he could only close it again, speechless. Finally, he went over to Caboose and Andy.

"Why am I back out here?" Caboose shrugged unhelpfully.

"You musta taken a wrong turn," Andy told him.

"How the hell is that possible? I only went-ohâ€|" Tucker remembered the rope he was still carrying, and the words on the stone. "Son of a bitch."

Groaning, Tucker turned and went back in. this time when he reached the small room, he went over to the hole. He tried looking down, but there wasn't enough light to see by. He walked over and took the torch. Returning to the hole's side, he held it out.

He saw that there was a ladder built into the side. Looking around, He found a rock and tossed it in; it hit the bottom not too much longer.

Bracing himself, Tucker laid the torch down and set one foot on the ladder. He took a step down, then another and another. Soon, his feet touched solid ground.

Unable to see much but the glow above him, Tucker carefully felt around the wall. Eventually, he grasped what felt like a doorknob. Slowly, he turned it and pushed.

His dark eyes were instantly assaulted by the day's dying light. Squinting, he brought a hand up to shield him from the worst. When his eyes adjusted to the sudden change, Tucker examined his surroundings.

He found himself on top of the castle.

"So, how the hell is this possible?" he asked aloud. As expected, nothing answered him.

Shrugging it off, Tucker went to the side and looked down. Spotting Caboose and Andy almost instantaneously, he then made out where the window was that led to Donut's bed chamber.

Tucker took off the rope and tied one end around an open-gorge stone. After tugging on it to ensure its tightness, he tossed the other end down the side of the castle. Making sure it reached the window, he started to climb down.

When he was done with this whole quest thing, he was going to need a _lot _of "good tidings" from this princess. Bow-chicka-bow-

"Wow," that was easier than I thought," Tucker mumbled as his foot touched the windowsill without incident.

He made his way in through the, thankfully, open window, and landed gracelessly on the floor. When he got up from the tangled mess he had fallen into, he noted that the room was empty sans him.

Now what?

Tucker didn't have time to ponder the question as the door on the other side of the room opened. Walking in was who Tucker assumed was Princess Donut.

Long blonde hair wore loose, sky blue eyes, and a fair complexion. The princess wore a pink gown with several folds that fell to the

floor. He looked over at Tucker with a warm curiosity.

"Hi, I'm Donut. And you're a strange man in my room."

"Uh, yeah. Guess I am. Er, call me Tucker," he told the princess.

"Okay. Nice to meet you, Tucker," the blonde said, closing the door behind him. "So, any particular reason _why_ you're in my room?"

"I think I'm on a quest or something to save you," he explained.

"From what?"

"Yourself." A beat of silence passed.

"Huh?"

"Yeah, that was basically my reaction, too."

They stood across from each other awkwardly. After a while, Donut looked Tucker up and down admiringly. Going over to the older man he mused, "Not bad. I think I could like this quest."

Before Tucker could say anything, Donut pulled him onto the bed. As he began to run a hand up his shirt, Tucker decided he liked the quest, too.

3. Little LightRed Riding Hood

****A/N: ****I love fairy tales, really. Can you tell?

> Genre:Fantasy/Humor/Romance

> Pairings: Church/Donut, Mentioned Tucker/Crunchbite, Grif/Simmons, Sister/Doc, Sarge/Tex, and Andy/Gary/Wyoming

> Rating: PG-13 (T)

> Summary: Donut is just walking in the forest to an ill family-friend's cabin, when Church happens to run into him.

> Warnings: Slash, light cursing, some het, more wolf demons, allusions to, ahem, adult situations, nudity, shameless flirting.

Little Light-Red Riding Hood

Once at a place not too far away at a time not too long ago, there was a young boy of seventeen years named Franklin Delano Donut. The boy's skin was fair and without blemish, his hair a silky blonde that fell just above his shoulders while his eyes were a sparkling blue.

Everywhere that Donut went, he wore a cloak the color pink, though he always said it was a light red. _Very _light red.

His mother shoved him out the door one day with a basket in hand. She instructed to her son to go deep into the woods where her dear friend lived and give him the medicine in the basket, for he was very ill. Before shutting the door behind her son she warned him to stay away from any sneaky wolf demons.

And this is how Donut came to be skipping down a path, humming cheerfully to himself.

He smiled as the small forest animals scampered and played about. He sung back the melodies the birds chirped. He screamed like a little girl when he saw a spider hanging from its web.

Frightened, Donut backed up a few steps. In the process, he hit a rock stuck in the ground and tripped, landing painfully on his backside with an, "oof!"

Ignoring the human, aforementioned spider went about its business unhindered. The boy, however, staid on the ground, watching the arachnid warily.

Donut had no idea he was being watched, as well.

After a while, Donut eased himself up slowly and dusted off his clothing. Picking up the dropped basket, he started back on the path, keeping an eye out for any signs of more spiders.

From behind the bushes, dark blue eyes followed the boy who, after a bit, returned to skipping. The human also started humming to himself once more; the concealed creature licked its lips deliberately.

The creature tracked the boy, for what seemed an eternity, until he finally sat down to rest. He removed his shoes and began massaging his sore feet. Deciding it was good of a time as any, the creature stepped out of the foliage.

Donut's head snapped up suddenly when he heard leaves crumpling as if under some humanoid weight. His blue eyes spotted something he hadn't expected to encounter: a wolf demon.

The boy examined the creature as it examined him. Dark blue eyes, fair skin, and its (_his,_rather, as Donut could plainly see the wolf demon'sâ€|_manhood_) hair and fur were black.

"Traveling alone?" the wolf demon asked.

"Sorry, I'm not suppose to talk to strangers," Donut told him, putting his shoes back on. He got up and dusted himself off before saying, "We need an introduction, first. I'm Donut. You?"

"Church," he replied.

"Nice ta meet ya."

"Yeah, I'm sure. So, you alone?" the wolf demon repeated his earlier question.

"Yep. Why?"

"A single human in the forest? That's pretty dangerous."

"What's the worst that could happen?"

"It's mating season," Church revealed.

"I said 'worst', not 'best'," the blonde muttered to himself.

"What?"

"Er, nothing," he lied. As sweetly as he could the boy requested, "Would you mind escorting me to this cabin I need to go to? It's only a mile or so down the path."

"Why not?" Church readily agreed, ear twitching in anticipation. "Lead the way."

For a while they walked in silence, Donut giddy at the company. The wolf demon, as well, couldn't help admiring the human from behind. Specifically, the way Donut's hips swayed as he walked. Too bad that pink cloak blocked so much from view. Well, at least that left something to his imagination to fantasize about.

"So, if it's mating season," Donut spoke up after a while, "then why aren't you, you know, mating?" He glanced back at the wolf demon.

"Eh," Church replied with a shrug. "Grif's off with Simmons, his sister already marked Doc as hers, Andy is fight with Wyoming over Gary, Sarge and Tex took each other, and Crunchbite has Tucker with pup. No one left for me."

"Aww, poor you," Donut sympathized at the end of the explanation. "So there's no wolf demon to release your urges with?"

"No _wolf demon,"_he confirmed slyly.

"Too bad." The human didn't mean it.

Donut accidentally, of course, dropped his basket. As he bent down to retrieve it, Church's head tilted to the side and his tail began to wag. Seeing this out of the corner of his eye, the boy grinned. It looked like Church liked what he saw.

"Woops, how clumsy of me," the blonde giggled. "I'll try not to drop it again."

"Damn," the wolf demon cursed underneath his breath.

The two returned to walking. It wasn't but an hour later when they reached the cabin Donut needed to go to.

"Wait, this is where you're going?" Church asked, halting suddenly and sitting on his hind legs.

"Yeah, why? What's wrong?"

"The guy who lived here-"

"Butch Flowers?"

"Yeah. He, um, sorta died of a heart attack," Church told him. Inaudibly he added, "Because of me."

"Really?" Donut questioned disbelievingly.

"See for yourself. Guarantee the cabin'll be empty."

Donut went inside, wolf demon close behind. He called out the supposedly dead man's name, receiving no answer. Checking around the cabin proved there was no one there.

"Huh. What a bummer," Donut said to himself casually. "Oh, well. Looks like I have to spend the night here." They both gazed out the little window at the dusk sky.

"Yeah, it's already getting pretty late," Church agreed with a grin on his face.

"Would you mind keeping me company?" the boy asked, batting his long eyelashes.

"Not like I have anything better to do."

Time passed, the two chatting, their conversation filled with dropped hints and innuendos. Soon it grew late, and Donut decided to go to bed.

He went to the late Flower's bedroom and began to undress, fully aware of Church's eyes on him. First he removed his pink cloak and placed it on the nearby dresser. Then, at a tantalizingly slow pace, he began to remove his socks and shoes. When he got to his shirt, he merely undid a few of the top buttons.

Lying down on the bed, he patted the spot next to him. Church eagerly jumped up, making himself comfortable. Tail wagging, he licked his lips at the site of the human.

"You know, I've still got a _lot _of energy left," Donut told him. The wolf demon smirked.

"I can think of a few ways to get rid of that energy."

"Really?"

The wolf demon responded by straddling the boy, using his teeth to remove the rest of those buttons.

* * *

>When Donut returned home, his mother noticed his gait was a bit different and he had a far away look in his eyes. When she asked him what had happened, the boy grinned widely at her.<p><p>

"The big bad wolf got under my hood and ate me," he told her, much to the woman's confusion.

After that day, Donut_often _returned to the forest. Especially whenever mating season came around again.

End
file.